



THE HARP OF OLD ERIN AND BANNER OF STARS.

Dedicated to Charles J. MURPHY, 1st. Lieut, Scott Life-Guard,
N. Y, by his sincere friend, Thomas KEAN.

Air : St. Patrick's Day.

The war trump has sounded, our rights are in danger :
Shall the brave sons of Erin be deaf to the call,
When freedom demands of both native and stranger,
Their aid, lest the greatest of nations should fall ?
Shall this banner so dear to the exiled of the Gael,
By traitors and rebels, in anarchy's school,
Be trailed in the dust, disgraced in the vale,
While our people, the sov'reign, in equity rule ?

No : I swear by the love that we bear our old Sire-land,
And the vows we have pledged to this home of the free,
As we'd sheathe our swords in the foes of dear Ireland,
We will use them as freely 'gainst traitors to thee :
Need we fear for our cause, when true hearts uphold it ?
See the men of all nations now march to the wars :
And shall Erin's stout hearts stand by and behold it,
Nor strike in their might for the Banner of Stars ?

No, no, with their life's blood they'll guard the rich treasure ;
See how they respond to the call, "shoulder arms"
Though endeared by those sacred ties, with love beyond mea-
Of bosom-friends, children, and beauty's sweet charms, (sure,
Yet, they leave all behind, and equip for the battle.
Between freedom and rapine, like true sons of Mars,
They'll conquer though traitors their cannon may rattle,
And bring back triumphant the Banner of Stars.

Oh ! long may our flags wave in Union together,
And the harp of green Erin still kiss the same breeze
And brave ev'ry storm, that beclouds the fair weather,
Till our harp, like the Stars, floats o'er rivers and seas
God prosper manly soul heart, on both land and ocean,
That goes in defiance of danger and scars,
And send them safe home, to their wives and their sweethearts,
With the harp of old Erin and Banner of Stars.



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